And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desprate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: stay *Tybalt*, stay?
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold take these keies & fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cock hath crowed.
The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you cot-quane go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for lesser cause, and nere bene sicke.
La. I you haue bene a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits and logs, and Baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haste, make haste sirra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neare.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say?

Enter

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make
Make haste, the bridgroome, he is co
Nur. Mistris, what mistris, *Iuliet*
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you slu
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweete h
What not a word, you take your pe
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next nig
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his
That you shall rest but little, God f
Marrie and Amen: how sound is sh
I needs must wake her: Madam, M
I, let the Countie take you in your
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it
What drest, and in your clothes, and
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes
Oh wereaday that euer I was borne
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my
Mo. What noise is here?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie d
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth
Nur. Shees dead: deceast, shees
M. Alack the day, shees dead, shee
Fa. Hah let me see her, out alas
Her bloud is setled, and her ioynts
Life and these lips haue long bene
Death lies on her like an vntimely
Vpon the sweetest flower of all th

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